

Perry's uphill climb to catch Spence

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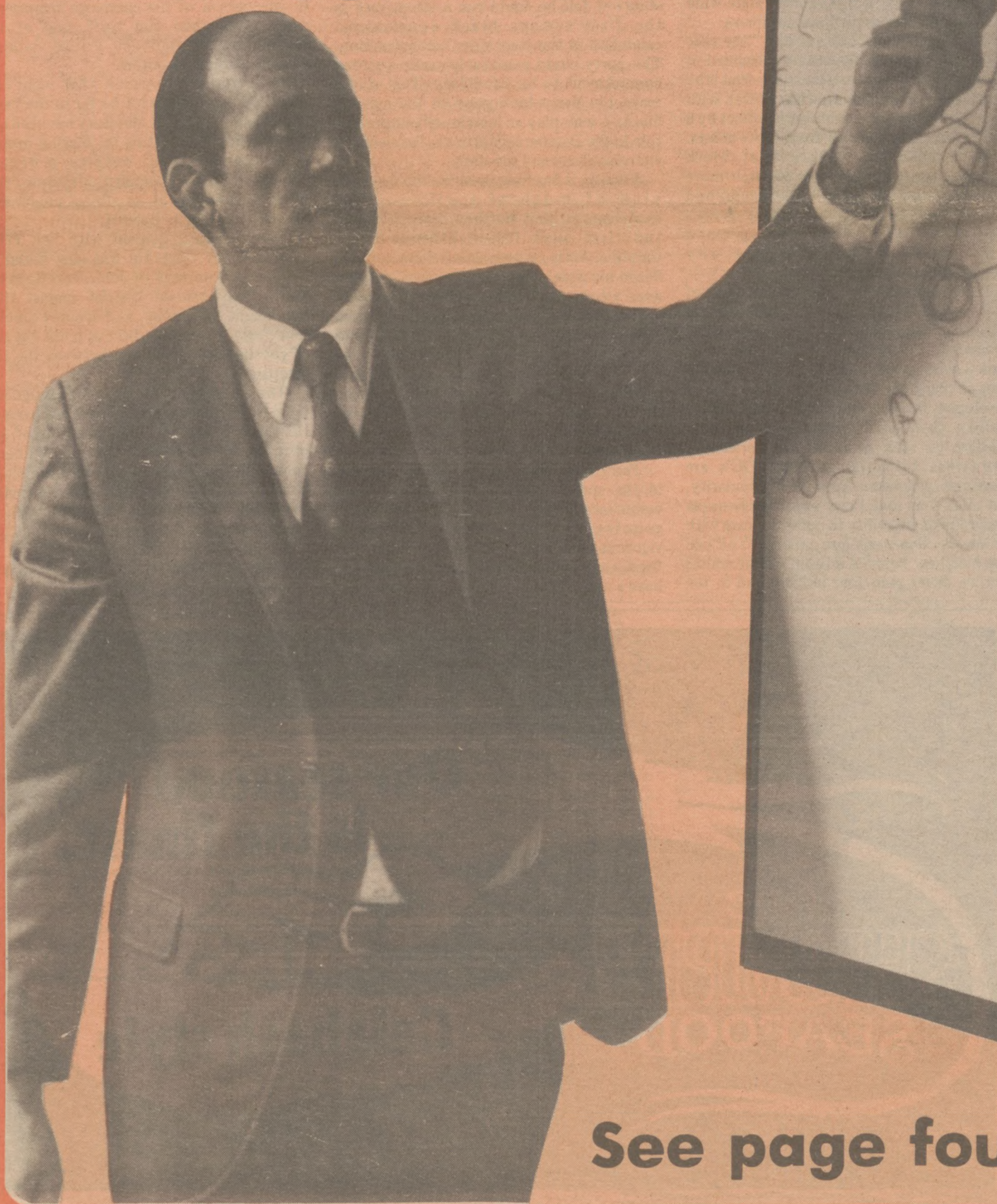
SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

OCTOBER 18, 1974
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

OSCEOLA

Deadline '74

Mooney goes for the bomb



See page four

Jon "Shorty" Buchan
1351-C Riverview Rd.
Rock Hill, S.C. 29730

STAFF PHOTO BY BOB THOMPSON

osceola

"The mission of a modern newspaper is to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

from a column by Peter Finley Dunn

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 13

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Published weekly by Parallax Media Projects, Inc., 1918 Blossom St., Columbia, S.C. 29205. Mailing address: P.O. Box 5033, Columbia, S.C. 29250

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Phone: 254-7086
(business and editorial)

Third Class Postage
paid at Columbia, S.C.
Published weekly

STAFF

Managing editor Jim Walser
Senior editors Dick Harpootlian
Bob Thompson
Advertising manager Jim Parker

Contributors Tim Driggers,
Hank Gilman, Dan Harmon, Tom
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Circulation and Promotion
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Politicus

Perry's uphill climb

Matthew J. Perry wanted to run for Congress from South Carolina's Second Congressional District in 1968. In fact, he said earlier this year, "I was much more anxious to run then than now."

But Perry allowed himself to be talked out of running in '68 by Democratic Party leaders who contended the timing was wrong for a black man to make a run. Politics in South Carolina and the nation were particularly volatile, and besides, it was just too early they said.

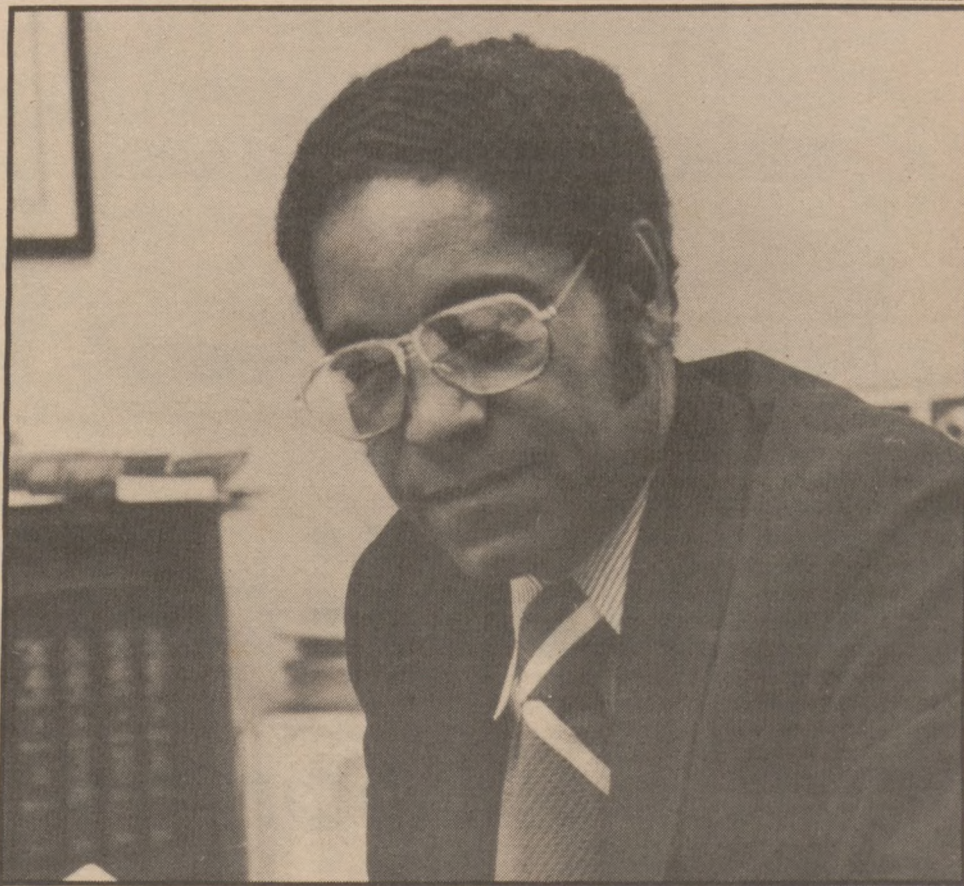
A lot of water has passed under political bridges in the meantime, however, and this year there emerged a consensus among Democratic Party leadership that a Perry candidacy in the Second District would be both fitting and proper.

The decision to urge Perry to run came early-on this year, before any of the experts had any inkling of all that would transpire during this crazy political season. At the time, the conventional wisdom was that Bryan Dorn would be the Party's candidate for governor, and would face a stiff fight against General Westmoreland in November. The Party pols figured Perry would substantially increase the turnout among the Second District's black voters in the general election, thus helping the state-wide candidates as well as the local nominees.

It was also hypothesized that "the race issue" had been sufficiently neutralized in South Carolina politics, so that the advantages of added drawing power with Perry on the ballot would not be offset by a greater backlash reaction from white voters.

One reason is simply that black participation in politics has become more acceptable and accepted in the South and South Carolina. In addition, Perry's reputation and personality seemed well-suited to minimize any racially-oriented adverse reactions.

Perry has long been embraced by much of the white establishment, political and otherwise, because of his willingness to be so embraced, and because of his intelligence and social grace. Like former Benedict College President Benjamin Payton, Perry developed respect and scored bunches of points through the eagerness of white leaders to seek him out for service in countless bi-racial settings. IOU's are inevitably generated from such popularity, but more than that, Perry's past involvements are proof of his ability to communicate with whites. As one party pro put it, "You can put Matthew Perry in a room full of whites who've never seen him before, and in ten



minutes, they'll forget he's black. They'll be eating out of his hands."

Even if Perry could not win, most observers felt he could run a strong race as the first serious black congressional candidate in the state since reconstruction. The party could reasonably make a strong commitment to his candidacy. That would make the party look good in the eyes of blacks -- who play an increasingly important role in the Democrats' formulas for electoral victories all around the state.

Finally, it has long been the thinly-veiled plan of much of the Democratic establishment that Matthew Perry should be the first black federal judge in South Carolina. Perry, whose chief claim to fame lies in his widely-heralded accomplishments as an attorney and whose real first love is the law, has not been averse to the idea. A strong Congressional race, with the help that would provide to Democrats throughout the Second District, would constitute a significant boost to Perry's stock with the party, and hence his chances for the appointment from the next national Democratic administration.

Perry's campaign started off with a bang in the spring; there were troops of eager volunteers, white and black, and there was genuine enthusiasm. Perry promised a vigorous campaign, a serious campaign, and for a while people were saying he might just have a shot at knocking off the Republicans'

affable but shallow incumbent -- Kissin' Floyd Spence. At his headquarters opening, Perry introduced proof of his serious intent in the person of his campaign manager -- none other than Jim Goff, one of the Democrats' brightest young national tactician trouble shooters.

In retrospect, however, that night was probably the high point so far in the Perry campaign. Since then, the story has been one of complications setting in, sagging morale and expectations; despite a recent resurgence in his campaign, Matthew Perry as of now stands as an almost unanimous choice to lose big to Spence.

Goff didn't remain with the Perry campaign for long. He was also slated to handle the campaign of John Jenrette in the Sixth Congressional District against GOP incumbent Ed Young, and decided quickly that Perry's potential did not merit the risk of getting spread too thin between the two campaigns.

The direction of the Perry Campaign was more or less inherited by Perry's law partner, Hemphill Pride, for the duration of the primary. In that contest, Perry faced liberal, white USC political science prof Cole Blease Graham. Graham later withdrew as an active candidate, citing racist motivation behind numerous offers of support he was getting, and declaring he wanted no part of it. Graham remained on the ballot, however, (Continued on page eight)

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Jack Bass: ready to forgive and forget

Bass 'n' Dorn

The gubernatorial election campaign this year has suffered through many unexpected changes in complexion. Yet another wrinkle was added last week, when Democratic nominee Bryan Dorn announced that his new press director would be veteran newsman Jack Bass.

Bass made a national reputation for himself as a New South liberal journalist with the publication of *The Orangeburg Massacre*, which Bass coauthored along with Jack Nelson of *The Los Angeles Times*. The book, published several years ago, concerned the questionable -- and controversial -- circumstances surrounding the slaying of three black youths in a disturbance at South Carolina State College in Orangeburg six years ago.

Bass served as Columbia bureau chief for *The Charlotte Observer* and also wrote articles for *The New Republic*, a national politically-oriented magazine. He took a leave of absence a year ago from *The Observer* to research and write a book on Southern politics as a research fellow at Duke University.

Bass's acceptance of the position in the Dorn campaign was not totally surprising. In the past, Bass has expressed admiration for the Third District congressman. As late as August 1974, Bass wrote an article for *The Observer* that showed an obvious, if qualified, respect for Dorn. In the article, Bass called the gubernatorial candidate "a politician who genuinely cared about the folks he served" and dismissed contentions that Dorn was "just another traditional Southern Democratic conservative."

At the time of the latest article, Dorn had just been defeated in the primary runoff by Charles "Pug" Ravenel. So Bass's praise then sounded like a eulogy for a fading politician. But the recent ruling on Ravenel's eligibility and the subsequent nomination of Dorn as his replacement has brought new life to Dorn -- and to Bass, in a way.

In accepting the position with Dorn, Bass said, "As a political reporter, I have admired

a streak of progressive independence in Bryan Dorn's voting record and consider him by far the best qualified of those candidates now eligible for governor." And the new press director added, "The short duration of the campaign also provides me with an unusual opportunity to view a political campaign from the inside, an experience I expect to find professionally educational."

Bass also said a factor in his acceptance was Dorn's expressed willingness to withdraw from the governor's race if the U.S. Supreme Court rules Ravenel eligible.

In a conversation Wednesday with an *Osceola* editor, Bass said he genuinely feels that Dorn is the better qualified of the gubernatorial candidates, although he called Republican nominee Jim Edwards a "fine man." Bass quipped, "Jim Edwards is a fine man, and I would recommend him to anyone who needs his teeth extracted." (Edwards is an oral surgeon.)

Bass's praise for Dorn hasn't always been total. In the August *Observer* article, he wrote, "Dorn didn't help himself with his cheap talk hinting of Mafia influences because Ravenel received a campaign contribution from a businessman friend from New Jersey with an Italian name." But apparently Jack Bass is ready to forgive and forget.

Affairs of state

James Clyburn, a black aide to Gov. John C. West, has been approved as the new state Human Affairs Commissioner, *Osceola* learned Wednesday from the acting commissioner.

Clayton N. Gompf disclosed that Eugene N. Zeigler of Florence, chairman of the Human Affairs Commission, has been sent a letter by West announcing the Governor's formal approval of Clyburn to the hotly-contested position. Gompf, the acting commissioner, said that Clyburn would take over the control of the agency as soon as the 19-member commission can be called together to formally employ Clyburn.

The disclosure was not a very

This is representation?

In the wake of the reconvened Democratic Convention and the nomination of Bryan Dorn as the new Democratic gubernatorial candidate there have been rumblings of discontent among Pug Ravenel's supporters that the convention was "unrepresentative," and that it acted counter to the will of the people.

While there is not a totally accurate method available for determining the "representativeness" of the convention, below is a chart from which some conclusions may be drawn.

State Senator Richard Riley emerged as the candidate of the Ravenel faithfuls during the convention so a comparison of the votes he received from each county to the votes Ravenel received from those counties in the July 31 runoff gives some insight into the allegiances of certain county delegations to the convention.

For instance, Ravenel received 40 percent of Anderson County's vote on July 31. Yet at the convention Bryan Dorn got 100 percent of that delegation's votes. The same sort of thing occurred in Berkeley County where Dorn received only 32 percent of the primary vote, but he got 100 percent of that delegation's vote at the convention.

The party regulars have argued that Riley was not Ravenel and that they had to go with the man they thought could win in November. But they have run the risk of being tagged as a party which ignored the will of the people by ignoring Ravenel's wishes. The chart below will give you some insight into the "representativeness" of the Democrats at the convention. But all the results are not in. The conclusive results will come in November.

	July 31 Democratic Primary		Democratic Convention	
	Dorn	Ravenel	Dorn	Riley
Anderson	8872	5955	16	0
Berkeley	1965	4140	10	0
Calhoun	848	863	4	0
Chesterfield	2185	2978	4	1.5
Dillon	2091		4	0
Dorchester	2889			0
Georgetown	2128			
Lancaster	4316			
Lee	1255			
Marion	1300			
Spartanburg	8345			
Union	3875			

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earth-shaking revelation to observe struggle for the Human Affairs Commission spot, though reportedly swayed the 19 members into nominating Clyburn. Members had initially favored Williams, state executive NAACP and a vocal administration. The approval of the nomination was perfunctory and a fait accompli.

Clyburn will resign his black, who resigned last summer to run in the House of Representatives. He is the Affairs Commission agency head and commissioner car.

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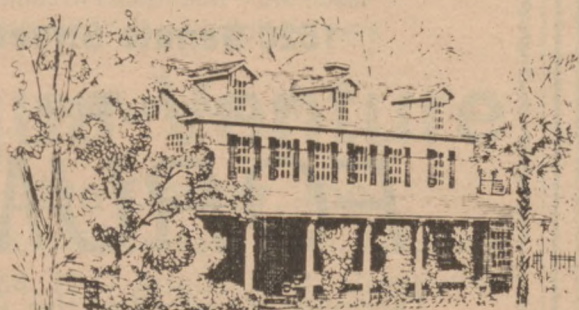
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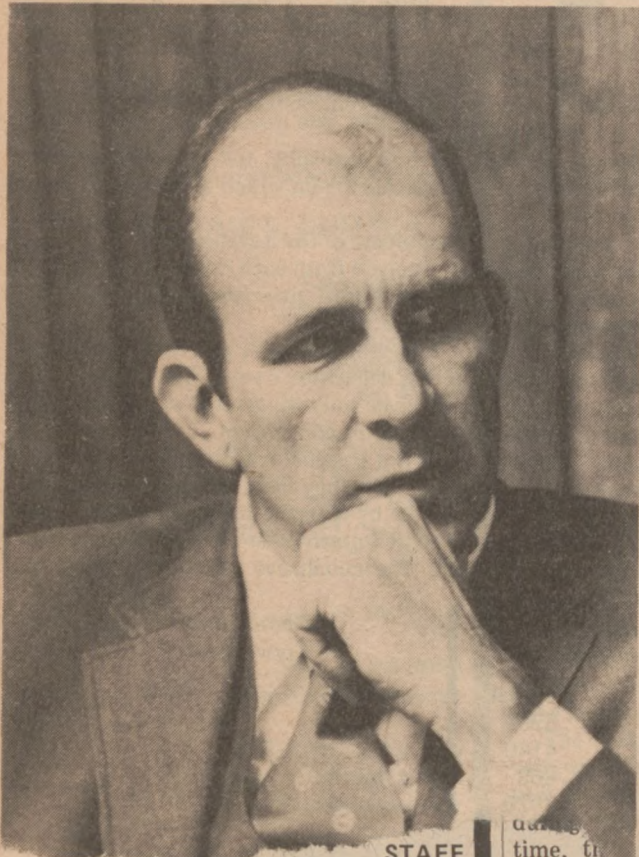
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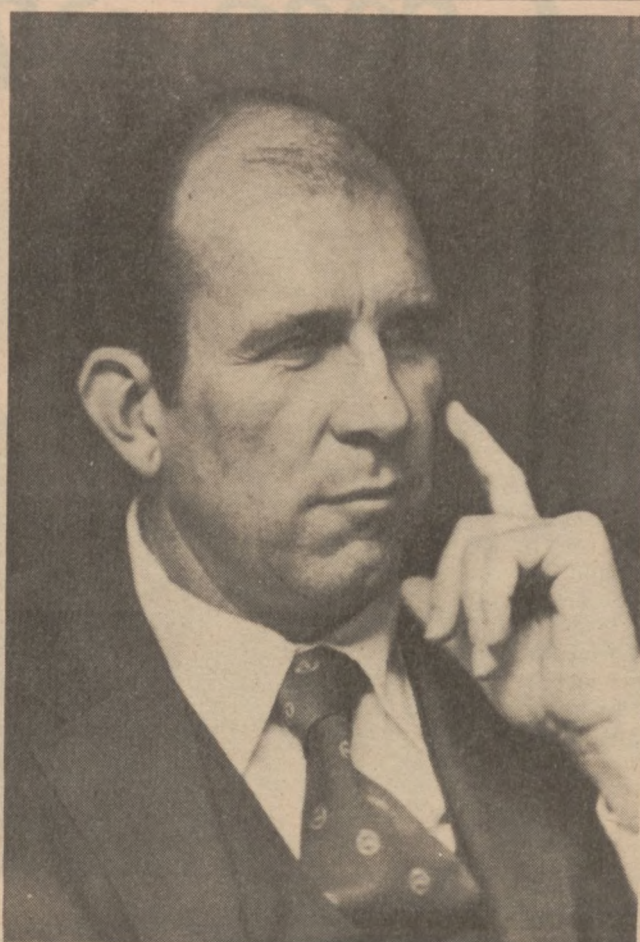
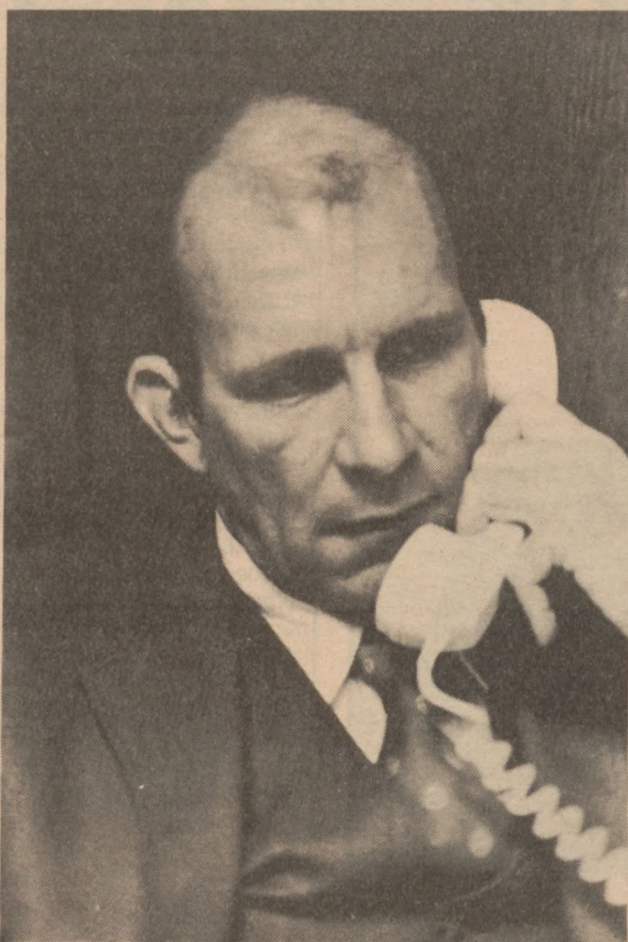
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undefeated team. Then he went to
Newberry High for a year and then
on to Saluda High School where he
coached for seven years. It was at
Saluda that Mooney really began to
get statewide attention. His Saluda
teams won five conference
championships, two state
championships and had two
undefeated seasons.

In 1964 Player was offered a job
at Lower Richland High in
Columbia as their head coach. The
Lower Richland Diamond Hornets
had won only two games in the
three previous seasons, but during
Player's nine seasons at that school
his teams won 88 games, while
losing 13, winning the state
championship with an undefeated
team in three seasons, and Player
was named Coach of the Year for
South Carolina after seven of those
years.

It is an impressive coaching
record, but Player's detractors

insist that it is an impressive *high
school* record. Mooney responds
by saying "The prevailing myth
throughout the years has been that
the way to be a college coach was
to go around the country as an
assistant coach. I knew that wasn't
the way. I knew that I could spend
the rest of my life in the quest of
acquiring techniques and skills, but
I knew that wasn't the way."

"I knew that either you could
communicate with people or you
couldn't. I knew that innately you
can lead people or you can't. So
several years ago I decided that I
wasn't going to perpetuate that
myth by being a nomadic coach
going around the country."

Player does admit that college
coaching experience is important.
"I do know that some college
coaching could be invaluable,"
Player explained, indicating that
was what prompted him to leave
Lower Richland for a job as an

assistant coach to Lou Holtz at
N.C. State. "I went to the best man
I knew and asked for the
opportunity and in the four
months that I worked with Coach
Holtz I received what I could have
learned in years traveling around as
an assistant coach. The guy created
a job for me. I lived in a dorm at
first. It was token pay, but more
than I expected. I could have
stayed another ten years and not
learned anything more."

So Mooney feels that he is ready
to be Carolina's new head football
coach. He knows that he can win --
if only they'll give him the chance.
"I've spent every hour since Coach
Dietzel announced his retirement
talking to people who were
apprehensive about me," he said.

But Player acknowledges that
he has run into two main criticisms.
"First is that they're mesmerized
by the big name syndrome. The
way to success is to have a big

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name. And second they say, 'You're a high school Harry; are you presumptuous enough to think that a South Carolinian can coach at USC? The first criticism I feel is genuine, but the second is just a ploy by those who oppose me.'

Player denied that there is any "campaign" to have him appointed head coach; yet, he says, if there is an organized effort "it is to fight the subtle intimidation of the second argument and offer positive nose-to-nose information."

Lurking in the background of all this are faint memories on the part of many Columbians of Player's political efforts in 1972. It was in that year that the Lower Richland coach struck out at "the leftist liberals who are destroying our school system." Player became the spokesman for a group of concerned parents which dubbed itself "Deadline '72."

The group's effort took on racial overtones as its members campaigned against incumbent Richland School District No. 1 Board of Trustees members whom Deadline felt were not taking a hard line on discipline in the schools. Their political efforts were successful (Deadline won a majority on the school board), but Player thereafter suffered from a tarnished reputation.

Now, he says, "I regret the imagery which was manifested by political expediency. My sole effort was to preserve a viable integrated educational system. Deadline '72 was an attempt to stabilize middle class participation in public education and I felt the best vehicle for doing that was to establish mores which would leave middle class people comfortable."

"I was politically naive," Player said of his Deadline participation. After explaining that he has widespread support in both the white and black communities, Mooney is ready to move on to discussions of how he has won in the past and what he would do to win at Carolina.

"My whole destiny would be related to the students on campus now. I want to win now. As to recruiting, you don't recruit on your personal charisma. You recruit on the basis of winning and by winning I don't mean six games."

But the essence of the "Player Plan" stems from Mooney's personal background. "I went to Clemson on an athletic scholarship. I wanted to go to USC. I jumped

around in six or seven majors. I had a late maturation. Now if someone had taken me and given me some direction I might have been successful in college. But I was never a star. I was never academically successful. I was never much of anything. There was five years there in which I didn't achieve a thing.

"And I think that is what has made me darn sure that every youngster who has played for me has had an intense sense of self-worth. The star quarterback already has it, but the guy who's second string left guard, that's the guy who has to have some sense of self-worth. My players who played supporting roles were the people I jacked up and made them feel important. As a result of this we never had a large proportion of All-State players, but we won. I am convinced that the way to win is to make everybody feel their own self-worth."

Player's approach is to get the most from everyone and to accomplish this the coach has to make everyone who dresses out feel like a starter. But his strategy depends heavily on emotional factors, and Player admitted that some people he has talked with are somewhat skeptical of it. "They say, 'Do 23-year-old men react emotionally like an 18-year-old? And I say not superficially. I don't think you can go out there with a 21-year-old sophisticated man, clap him on the back and ask him to win this one for the alma mater. However, if you let him know you care about him as a person, then it's not corny for men to say, 'We're in this together and let's win.' But it can't be something you conjure up for your own personal gain. You can't ignore a guy for weeks and then say, 'Let's win this one for the Gamecocks.'"

Before Player can implement his plan he must be chosen by the University's Board of Trustees as Paul Dietzel's replacement. And even Mooney admitted that task isn't going to be easy. He is working "full time" convincing Carolina supporters that he is the best man for the job. "When you've waited 42 years for something this is no time to be timid," he said. But Player has not talked with members of the selection committee and he said he won't until they interview him for the job.

Player is the only announced applicant and while members of the USC Board of Trustees

selection committee indicate privately that other applications have been received, Mooney's is the only one the public knows about. Bumper stickers abound in the Columbia area proclaiming the virtues of Player. Mooney said he isn't personally responsible for all the hoopla and he has told his supporters "not to be commercial or abrasive."

So for the moment Mooney Player is traveling the state, speaking on some radio talk shows, stopping whenever two or more Gamecock fans pause to discuss Carolina football. He explains "the big-name syndrome myth" and he talks about his total commitment to winning. He says finances are immaterial. "I don't care about the money," he said the other day.

He also emphasizes that "I am the best coach available for this job." And he hammers away against the school of thought which he feels will take Carolina out of the state in search for a new coach. "We can get a governor from this state; we can get a senator from this state; and we can get a coach from this state," Mooney claimed. The "educational effort" will continue until the Board makes some sort of decision.

But he made no effort to hide his confidence of getting the position if the Board follows the advice of Gamecock fans and supporters. "If it were a public election I'd win by a landslide. I

feel that if the University will give credence to the people who pay the freight, I'll get the job."

Mooney Player, who has cut the mustard on the high school level, is now ready to move on to bigger and better things. He's aggressively pursuing the Board's approval and spending every ounce of strength he can muster in the process. Yet he still doesn't know with whom he is in competition. It could be some

superstar out there beyond the borders of South Carolina, hiding out in the hinterlands, waiting to make his move. Mooney's playing it close to the cuff, methodically dealing on a one-person-at-a-time basis. The next several weeks will be some of the most frustrating and tense times of his life.

And, as he puts it, "The job is going to be anticlimactic to the quest for that job."

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NATIONAL TOPICS

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FROM WASHINGTON

On trial

When the Watergate Trial recommenced last week I went back and looked up the 245-page opening statement of John Dean which he delivered in a level voice with a choir-boy's smile in the glittering Senate marble Caucus Room, June 25, 1973, while his second wife with the honey-colored hair (the one with whom he honeymooned on \$4850 "borrowed" from the Nixon reelection fund) sat behind him. And I had long, long thoughts.

The 1968 presidential election, you remember, was very close. Hubert Humphrey got 42.7 percent of the popular vote and Richard Nixon got 43.4 percent, a majority of only 500,000 out of 73 million votes cast, and if California had gone to Hubert (he lost it by 223,000 votes) the election would have gone to the House. And if Hubert had won he would probably have been reelected in 1972 and we wouldn't have had Watergate.

Yet a Watergate would have come, I think, sooner or later. As Peter Kump points out, Watergate needs three things and they all came together in 1972 -- the growing and excessive power of the executive (which hasn't been checked); a time of division and turbulence like that which followed the poisonous Vietnam war (which is still wreaking its "future revenge" on us by the worst inflation in history); and an amoral President, a reclusive, paranoid figure whom we had thoroughly trained in the anything-goes school of American politics.

So lights blazed, TV cameras showed their red "on" signal, the Ervin committee hitched forward and John Dean began in an easy natural monotone that he kept up for five days:

"To one who was in the White House and became somewhat familiar with its inner workings, the Watergate matter was an inevitable outgrowth of a climate of excessive concern over the political impact of the demonstrators, excessive concern over leaks, an insatiable appetite for political intelligence, all coupled with a do-it-yourself White House staff, regardless of the law."

That's how he began, and five members of the do-it-yourself crew, stony-faced Mitchell, advertising man Haldeman, jaw-jutting Ehrlichman and the lesser figures, Mardian and Parkinson, sat in the court, and 70-year-old Judge Sirica, son of an immigrant, looked over the heads of

the men who had once run a government and who had thought so little of the Priest-President that in their private talks they had had no hesitation in interrupting him, contradicting him, and plotting out with him their "scenarios" to gull the public whom he regarded, after all, only as children. Looking down behind Sirica were the statues of Moses, Justinian, Hammurabi and Solon.

It was agile John Dean, that flexible young man so eager to please, with an inner toughness none of his superiors suspected, who decided that perjury is dangerous if you get caught at it and who concluded that the best way to avoid being made the scapegoat is to get to the prosecutor first. Senators couldn't believe what he said and every time they asked questions he came through with some further damning detail. There was more there than he knew himself. "Keep a good list of the press people giving us trouble," the President told him, "we will make life difficult for them after the election." But what was this about tapes? He said that before he decided to turn state's evidence he had learned that the President had informed the government "that he had taped a conversation with me." What conversation - what tape? About his alleged conversation in the Oval Office?

"I do not in fact know if such a tape exists but if it does and has not been tampered with and is a complete transcript, I think that this committee should have that tape, because I believe that it would corroborate many of the things that this committee has asked me to testify about."

Weeks later Alexander Butterfield unexpectedly

"Recession isn't completely bad: it has allowed every American to live in a more expensive neighborhood, without moving."

Sen. Alan Cranston

revealed that everything said in the President's private office was secretly recorded; a year later the Supreme Court, eight to zero, required the President to reveal 64 disputed tapes, and 17 days after that the President was out. He had lied to everybody.

But now comes a part of the drama really stranger in its way than what has gone before. While Judge Sirica tries to impanel a jury with Hammurabi watching over his shoulder, Gerald Ford, the first President since Washington hand-picked for the job -- a nice man, an open man, an honorable man -- is voluntarily going before the House Judiciary subcommittee to tell why he pardoned Richard Nixon, without seeming to understand at all why it caused such stunning consternation. The popularity of no other new President has fallen so precipitously (and perhaps temporarily): 20 points on the Gallup poll. We needed that popularity to get us over the hand-wringing sacrifices of the anti-inflation fight. The popularity of the President, the lift he gave us after the sick-bed of Watergate, were national assets. A lot of that has gone.

Mr. Ford has been here, there and everywhere. He was at the vast hotel ballroom of the Economic Summit where Sen. Cranston delivered a memorable quip: "Recession isn't completely bad: it has allowed every American to live in a more expensive neighborhood, without moving." He has been at his wife's bedside; he has met with leaders of four other big oil-importing powers (inconclusively); he opened the World Bank session. The administration's anti-inflation program and energy conservation program will come at once. But I can only report that the atmosphere of this city is disturbed and finicky; the bounce has gone. Why?

Mr. Ford looked at Nixon's CIA intervention in Chile and thought it was all right. Undermining foreign governments is legitimate: the Russians do it. On the economic front the feeling grows that the administration hasn't really got control: it used up a month in summits and the recession still deepens; the stock market casts a gloomy verdict. Then there is the pardon. Even Nixon never used executive privilege to cut prematurely across the legal process -- not only for crimes known but for any "he may have committed." Every day of the Sirica proceeding recalls that the chief unindicted co-conspirator goes free. Then there is the giveaway of the Nixon tapes, which Congress is trying to redress. And the administration's uncertain signals to the Arab oil countries.... Let's hope it pulls itself together soon.

JACK ANDERSON

AND THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Kennedy watching

WASHINGTON -- The recent kidnap scare against the children of the late Senator Robert Kennedy nearly precipitated a rebellion within the ranks of the Secret Service. Some 60 agents were flown in from all over the country to cover the Kennedys -- a move they regarded as illegal.

Indeed, Secret Service Director Stuart Knight himself recommended against extending protection, but he was overruled by his boss, Treasury Secretary William Simon.

Then the agents learned they were not responding to a "threat" at all. They had been ordered on emergency duty as a result of a third-hand tip from a police informant in the Boston area. The agents were furious.

Covering the Kennedys is a chore the Secret Service largely regards as abhorrent anyway. Much of the ill feeling results from the agency's experience with Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

The law requires the Secret Service to protect the late President Kennedy's children until they turn 16. Thus they are still looking after young John. But Mrs. Onassis is extremely particular about the way the agency does its job. One insider describes her as "persnickety." She doesn't want John to feel oppressed by his protectors, so she demands the agents stay out of sight as much as possible.

Nor does young John himself like the protective details following him around. A few months ago, he slipped out of Jackie's New York apartment, hopped on his bike, and sped into Central Park to play tennis. A drug addict assaulted him and made off with the expensive bike.

Through some extraordinary detective work, the police tracked down the assailant. But Mrs. Onassis refused to prosecute.

Secret Service insiders were flabbergasted. Now they are thinking of laying down the law to Jackie: Either she lets

them do their job the way they want, or her protective detail will be lifted.

Economic Battle Plan

White House sources say President Ford has all but made up his mind on change in economic policy.

The President received a lot of free and conflicting advice at the recent economic summit conference. But in private meetings with his closest advisors, he had little trouble mapping out a battle plan.

First, the President plans to ask for a tax cut to ease the impact of inflation on the poor. He also is seriously considering giving industry some incentives to expand production.

Next, he plans a whopping 10-cent-per-gallon increase in the gasoline tax. Ford plans to use the money for a public jobs program. This will ease the unemployment caused by his continuing tight money policy.

The President also hopes that the increase in gasoline prices will help drive down consumption. This would give him a stronger bargaining position with the oil-rich Arab nations of the Middle East.

The Arabs were unimpressed, our sources say, by Ford's recent sword-rattling. The President obliquely threatened economic sanctions against the oil-producing nations if prices continued to rise.

The Arabs know that they literally have us over the barrel. And they feel confident that the United States will not dare to take action against them.

It all boils down to higher gas prices for consumers, along with higher food prices. Only industry, and the very poor, can hope for some relief from inflation.

Cuban Thaw

Upon their return from a recent trip to Havana, Senators Claiborne Pell, D.-R.I., and Jacob Javits, R.-N.Y., predicted that relations between Cuba and the United States would soon improve. Already, say our sources, Secretary of State Kissinger is quietly guiding the United States toward a detente with Fidel Castro.

The probability that normal relations will be restored

with Havana has outraged the million Cubans who fled to this country to escape Castro. Many of them lost their fortunes; others have friends and relatives in Castro's prisons.

For years, the Central Intelligence Agency has trained exiled Cubans to do battle with Castro. Many more risked their lives on commando raids. Now the government that encouraged them to fight is preparing to befriend the Communist leader.

We have had detailed discussions with Cuban underground leaders. Although they have a tendency to exaggerate, there is no question about their boiling anger. They are threatening to mount a terror campaign inside the United States against the politicians and businessmen who support Castro. These Cuban leaders have told us if they can't fight Castro in Cuba, they will fight him here.

Intelligence analysts are predicting, therefore, that at least a few extremists, in imitation of the Palestinian and Irish rebels, will carry out acts of terror in the United States.

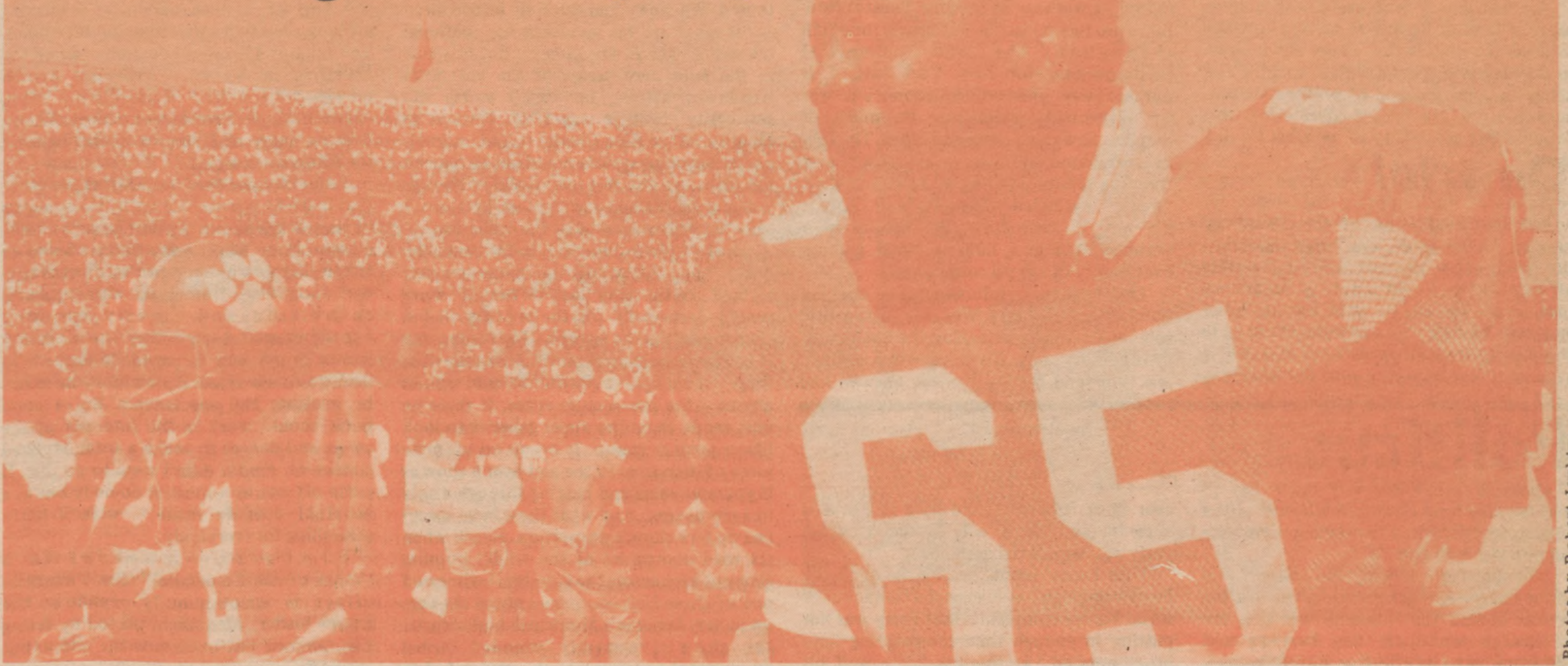
Footnote

Castro's relations with the Soviet Union are not as rosy as the Communist press make them appear. According to reliable sources in the Cuban underground, two Russian sailors were jailed last year for stabbing to death a Cuban youth. The sailors had been selling the boy hard-to-get items for the Cuban blackmarket. They caught a glimpse of the youth's hefty bankroll, killed him for it, and tossed him into the sea. The Soviet sailors were thrown into El Morro prison and are now doing time at the Bacuranao work camp for criminals, near Havana.

Washington Whirl

Some people see Henry Kissinger as a steely Prussian, but in truth he's not above telling a joke on himself. Recently, he told friends that during the Kennedy Administration, he had dinner at the White House with JFK, Robert Kennedy and Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Kissinger was so nervous that when he cut his lamb chop it scooted all the way over to Rusk's plate. That, said Kissinger, was the last time he was invited to the White House for 12 years....

Clemson sends the 'Dogs' scurrying



Photos by Robert Jenkins

by Robert McMillan

It has been a long time since Clemson's Tigers have won two football victories in a row that carried as much impact as the ones over Georgia Tech and Georgia on the past two weekends. Suffice it to say that nothing the Tigers do for the rest of the season -- yes, even against Maryland this weekend, and the University of South Carolina in late November -- will negate the fact that Clemson's football program is well on the way back to the position of strength it sported in the late 1940's and throughout the '50's.

Already South Carolina sports writers are calling the current Clemson team the best to perform since Clemson's 1959 Bluebonnet Bowl team, and there are plenty of signs that would indicate that things will get a lot better -- say, next season and the one after -- before they get worse.

By now, most every sports fan in South Carolina knows the details and historical weightiness of Clemson's feat. Georgia Tech had been defeated by Clemson once since World War Two. Meanwhile, Clemson had found Georgia's Bulldogs impossible to defeat since 1955. For Clemson fans, those are pretty brutal statistics, especially since both teams are considered by Tiger loyalists as key foes, with at least one and most likely both having to fall for a Clemson season to be considered a bonafide success. And, as previously discussed, it's been a while since that happened.

What made the two wins even more satisfying for Clemson supporters, of course, was the fact that both Georgia Tech and Georgia have administered sound beatings already this year to USC's Gamecocks. That fact, of course, will be totally irrelevant by November 23 when Clemson and USC meet, but in the meantime it will provide hours of mental triumph for Tiger fans, many of whom have been suffering from Dietzelitis for some years, and, more recently, from a strong attack of Grantzitis.

To understand the Clemson euphoria, it is imperative to review exactly what has transpired the past couple of weeks. A couple of weeks ago, the University of Georgia was awesome as they handed Paul Dietzel's Gamecocks the worst licking I have ever seen them take. There was absolutely no relief for Carolina folks between the hedges at Athens' Sanford Stadium. Georgia's punter never put his foot on the ball. The Bulldogs' offensive line was remarkable as the Georgia backs had a field day running through Carolina's defensive line for 502 yards on the ground. Georgia scored 52 almost effortlessly, winning

52-14, and many area fans thought that Georgia may be ready to return to the prominence they enjoyed in the early Vince Dooley years there.

One week later at Clemson, they were to play the Tigers. While Georgia had been routing USC, Clemson had served notice they were tough by knocking over Georgia Tech, 21-17 in the first Tech-Clemson game ever at Death Valley. But while many knew that it seemed Clemson was playing a superior brand of football to what has been played in the hills the past few years, the Tech game did not provide the hard evidence needed to make a complete and total judgment. Besides that, Georgia, under poor-mouthin' Vince Dooley, just don't lose to ol' Clemson.

Tradition is an important part of college football, naturally. A team such as Alabama, Nebraska, or Notre Dame has at least a one touchdown advantage every time they take the field because they have won, and won, and won, and therefore it comes a bit easier. Their players know they are supposed to win, and they do it... few questions asked. Against South Carolina college teams, Georgia has never lost under Vince Dooley. And the 'Dogs weren't looking for anything different when they went into Clemson, leading the Southeastern Conference in scoring with 38 points per game. Their offensive line averages 252 pounds and their defensive line weights about 220 per man. And seemingly, against USC the Bulldogs had found their much-needed commodity, a quarterback named Matt Robinson.

But there is a new air about Clemson football this year. It's reflected in the enthusiasm of the fans, in their numbers, and in other factors. And the football team is different, too, and the Bulldogs found it out early. Georgia jumped to a quick 10-0 lead, and was well on its way to another touchdown -- and, in fact, scored it on a play nullified by a penalty. But the Clemson defense held following the penalty, and Clemson took over.

Minutes later, Clemson quarterback Mark Fellers was faced with a third down and seventeen yards to go situation. In past years against Georgia, it would have been futile.

But on what may have been the key play of the game, Fellers followed great blocking to a first down on a jaunt through Georgia's defense for 19 yards.

From that point on, you could feel more excitement in the stands. Though still ten points down, the Tigers were moving and the offensive line was providing holes and possibilities. Fellers made several other fine runs in the drive, eventually scored, and the score was 10-7.

Now the momentum was turning and Georgia needed to pull things back its way. But on third and eight with time running out in the first half, Georgia was destroyed by Clemson's now-inspired defense. As the Georgia punting team took the field, the Clemson fans roared.

Two minutes remained in the half, and Georgia punted -- or tried to -- from its own 20-yard-line. But the shaken Georgia center, Will Legg, snapped the ball too high and too long and Clemson's defense trapped punter Bucky Dills on his own eight-yard-line. It may have been a first for a Clemson team against Georgia.

Seconds later Fellers hit Bennie Cunningham, the huge Clemson tight end,

for the score on a play reminiscent of a pass that Clemson had beaten Georgia Tech on the week before -- a short, quick pass right over the middle.

So as Clemson and Georgia left at the half, the fans were truly going wild.

The score remained 14-10 until Georgia concluded a march with 4:55 left in the third quarter with a touchdown that made it 17-14. Incredibly, Clemson wasted no time in coming right back down the field to score again. Mike O'Cain, the hero of the Tech game and now playing for an injured Fellers, broke several tackles and a 39-yard chase to the end zone. Georgia had two great chances to make the tackle, but with 1:22 left in the third period Clemson climbed back on top at 21-17.

Georgia broke fast back down the field on its next possession as Robinson connected with Richard Appelby for a 45-yard bomb that took the ball to the Clemson 22. On the next play, Clemson was penalized and after that Georgia's fine

running back, Horace King, legged it in for another Georgia score which made it 24-21. The 'Dogs were on top as the fourth quarter began, but few in Clemson's Death Valley felt they had seen all the scoring.

They hadn't. O'Cain kept his magic touch as he engineered a beautiful drive of 68 yards in 13 plays. The thing which impressed everyone by this point in the game was the way in which Clemson's first two offensive lines were pushing the Bulldog defenders all over Frank Howard Field. Clemson scored with 8:44 left in the game to go back on top for the final time at 28-24.

Still, no one truly believed the game was finished. Georgia's Robinson immediately hit Appelby for 36 yards, carrying to Clemson's 44. But there, the going became tougher for Georgia. Running back Glynn Harrison got two yards on first down, and Robinson missed with a second down pass. On third and eight, Robinson pitched a screen pass to Appelby and it look as if he had the blocking necessary to get the yardage. Then Clemson's middle guard Willie Anderson and cornerback Mark Lee destroyed the Bulldog interference and Appelby. It was fourth and five yards with 6:56 remaining, and Dooley decided to kick it away, hoping for bad Clemson field position. Georgia punter Bucky Dills obliged with a punt that sailed out of bounds at the Clemson six-yard-line.

Now according to the past scripts in this Georgia-Clemson affair, Georgia should have stopped the Tigers, forced them to punt, and scored to win the game. Right? Not this time. There is a new cat up there in Clemson. The Tigers controlled the ball with a vengeance for the final six minutes, driving until they were deep in Georgia territory. The Bulldogs asked for the customary time outs to stave off what was now inevitable. Soon they were out of time outs and the game was over.

Clemson still has a tough season remaining beginning this very week against Maryland at College Park. Duke follows and then Tennessee, with North Carolina and traditional rival USC in there to boot. Part of Clemson's satisfaction at the point in the season, though, is derived from the fact that the Tigers are playing one of the toughest schedules they have ever played, and are starting to make some progress against it. Both losses came to Top Ten calibre teams like Texas A&M and N.C. State, and the past two weekends have practically made those losses seem like ancient history in Clemson. What remains for Clemson this year is impossible to predict, but already the season is beginning to look quite bright for the folks who follow them.



Theatre/'Pippin' and 'Purlie'

Off-Broadway musical is way off

An innocent autograph-seeker once asked a famous Broadway actress how she managed to muster the energy and interest to do the same show night after night. The actress, a solid paragon of professionalism, answered: "I ask myself after every act: 'would I pay seven-fifty to see what I'd just done?'"

This little story occurred to my inflationary brain during the single act road-show production of the Broadway musical *Pippin* at the Carolina Coliseum -- not just because the show, debits and credits all totaled, was worth only a dollar; but because the show really at its best (some of Kathryn Doby's "reproductions" of Bob Fosse's dances) seemed like a too-well-packaged product. Watching

Pippin, it was easy to imagine Theatre Now Inc. (producers) as an ad agency booking throughout the land commercial post-mortems for New York hits. This perhaps wry and unjust impression was unfortunately reinforced by much of Stephen Schwartz's score and lyrics. The first number, done by most of the cast -- as a traveling troupe inviting us to watch their "magic" -- is called "Magic to Do." There is no way to reproduce the melody in a sentence, but as I hum it aloud I think irreverently of a Pepsi commercial.

Immediately following this opening number comes Barry Williams in the title role, energetically attacking the characters' introductory song. His voice, when audible, was thin and reedy. The PR releases had

touted Williams -- and certainly he was hired -- because of his exposure on national television (*The Brady Bunch*). But to speak in the cold hard terms of the anecdotal Broadway actress, he wasn't worth the seven-fifty. Neither was I. M. Hobson as Pippin's father King Charles (Charlemagne). Even the sound system could not be blamed for Hobson's guttural inaudibility. Though it might be blamed for the fact that many solos were drowned out by the orchestra.

Most of the production, in fact, save the most spectacular of the choreography, seemed irretrievably lost in the Coliseum space -- especially for the six-fifty plebes (like myself) in the upper half of the seating. It is wise to beware of musical road shows in huge municipal auditoriums and sports arenas -- the proscenium space, if there be one, tends from the upper galleries to look like a postage stamp. It brings an ultimate sense of ostracism to see and hear a show as if you are seeing and hearing through a hole in a circus tent. And what these large spaces can do to a show's proportion. Recall when six road companies of the wildly popular *Hair* cut arcs across the country. I witnessed one of these *Hair* companies about six tiers up in San Antonio's Municipal Auditorium: the show's reverently attended "tribal resonance," needless to say, evaporated in

the face of a mass audience; exuberant eroticism became a dull series of dirty jokes. The famous act one nude scene had all the liberating impact of a well-worn French post-card. I wander here...as did my mind, between *Pippin*'s songs and dances, when I became weary of trying to figure out what the actors were saying.

Glancing now over the program to prove that indeed I was there, I see by the synopsis of scenes and numbers that *Pippin* is a most eclectic fairy tale. Each scene represents a stage in young Pippin's quest for, well...identity: Home, school, war, sex, revolution and finally a scene happily-ever-after with the widow in the woods. This scene is called "Hearth." No need to mock musical plots; they need not be intricate and spectacular. But a good book should work in the interests of the songs and dances to make a total, stylized statement. *Pippin* didn't seem to do this. It came off not as a musical comedy but as a musical comedy revue -- with a little something for everybody.

Since the musical is a "musical-within-a-musical" the Pirandello effect is ignominiously exploited: the troupe leader, adequately played by Irving Lee, seemed not to narrate the action but emcee it.

Politicus

(Continued from page two)

and actually came close to winning in the final vote tally, despite seeming consensus support behind Perry.

The primary showing hurt Perry, and some frustrated backers complained a big reason behind the outcome was that the campaign was just too low-key and disorganized to be effective. Floyd Spence's poll, released not too long after the Democratic primary, showed Perry losing by a wide margin. The morale of supporters and candidate alike slumped. The leadership needed to regroup and rally was just not forthcoming.

About a month after the primary, a top aide of black Georgia Congressman Andy Young stopped in to check on Perry. He reported back that the situation was at a standstill, and that something had to be done to prevent a total rout.

The congressman summoned young white Atlanta attorney Todd Evans, a former Andy Young campaign aide, to be dispatched to Columbia. Evans arrived, and a short time later had assumed the role of campaign manager.

Evans found the campaign insignificant financial and organizational difficulty, and running out of time. He confided privately at one point that Young's campaign had been in better shape over a year before his election.

Still, there was the one significant unexpected advantage of the Ravenel phenomenon. Ravenel's drawing power at the polls, and the prospect of substantial straight-party-ticket voting with the Puffer at the top of the slate, appeared as perhaps the only possible salvation to the Perry effort.

Now, of course, Ravenel is no longer there. Even should his candidacy be salvaged at the last minute, the prospect of straight Democratic voting will not be the

case since Ravenel would have to run as a write-in, and Dorn will be listed as the party's gubernatorial nominee.

With Evans' input, despite the odds, the Perry campaign has managed a turnabout of sorts. Earlier complaints that Perry was not putting in enough time campaigning have now vanished, as the candidate and his family are assuming a frenetic pace for the duration. Press activities have escalated, and the Perry forces are planning a major get-out-the-vote drive. National figures such as District of Columbia Congressman Walter Fauntroy have come in to give encouragement to campaign workers.

When you get down to it, of course, race is still the major factor. Even with all the other problems, if Perry were white, with all his talents and community standing, it would be a much closer contest.

In a hypothetical situation, with the right kind of organizational and financial support, the political liability of Perry's blackness could be overcome. But it would still be a liability, and that reflects the continuing sad truth that racism survives in our society.

This is the craziest political year we've seen in some time, of course, and anything is possible. If only because of his personal stature, Perry can't be completely counted out. On the basis of a strict comparison of abilities, Perry would come out the winner over Spence in the judgement of many. It is even arguable that on balance, Perry's political views are closer to those of a majority of Second District voters than are ultra-conservative Spence's.

So the Perry forces will make a hard run between now and November 5. With a lot of luck, they could still make it. But as it looks now, Matthew Perry unfortunately must be listed as one probable victim of the cross-fire between what will be and what might have been in South Carolina politics 1974.

Purlie

At USC Theatre's Drayton Hall the following night I spotted before the show a dozen or more stage microphones and was grateful that there would be no problem hearing the words in the songs of *Purlie*. But this courtesy, as it turned out, was mostly a curse. The show was billed as "the black and beautiful Broadway musical" and the opening number was exactly that. The prologue takes place in a black country church in south Georgia. The first song ("Walk Him Up The Stairs") done by the "congregation" (entire cast) was powerful and moving. I have suspected -- though I have not yet experienced it first-hand -- that the Dionysian fervor of black gospel in black churches is the only worthwhile theatre in South Carolina. The opening number, on part-one of Frank Mohler's cleverly-designed three-part set, gave me a glimpse of this worthwhile theatre.

But after this sensational opening, the show reveals its true colors. The book, adapted mostly by Ossie Davis from his play *Purlie Victorious*, seems as strangely out of date as that of *Finian's Rainbow*. At one point a character named Missy Jackson says to her son named Gitlow: "How low can you get, Gitlow?" This gag is an example of just how low the book can get. The music and

lyrics by Gary Geld and Peter Udall, respectively, provide a collection of memorable show-tunes.

The direction by Roland Reed is consistently bad or nonexistent. No one should admit to having coached the actors. All the performances, save that of Drew Bowers as Gitlow, are out and out caricatures. One other exception: King Godwin as Purlie Victorious does not provide a caricature but is, all in all, a "weak-kneed" leading man. Beverly Moshy, as Missy Jackson, plays herself. Brenda Pressley, as Lutiebelle Jenkins, is a gutsy singer (enjoyed her numbers, however lacking they were in characterization) but unfortunately there are large sections where Ms. Jenkins has to "just act." In lieu of direction Ms. Jenkins appears to have rifled the pages of a book called *The Art of Course Acting* for the most prominent mannerisms of Shirley Temple. James Propes, as ol' Cap'n Cotchipee, the Colonel-Sanders-like Southern bigot, plays old age as if he wanted to inflict it on everybody. He shouts his lines. Propes' appearance on stage marked the first time I have ever wished a sniper's bullet on an actor...And why, to add one more gripe, did there have to be a green and magenta spot-light for every soloist?

by Dan Lackey



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Music

A melodic mixture

Black Oak Arkansas, T. Rex, and Montrose
In Concert
Littlejohn Coliseum, Clemson University
October 5, 1974

It was quite a day at Clemson: beautiful autumn weather, a great football victory, and an evening of high energy rock 'n' roll provided by Black Oak Arkansas, T. Rex, and Montrose.

The some 8,000 persons who paid their way into Littlejohn Coliseum on the Clemson University campus Saturday night were confronted with three contrasting bands and three equally contrasting personalities: flash instrumentation courtesy of Ronnie Montrose, the saccharine rock of Marc Bolan, and the polished raunchiness of Jim Dandy Mangrum. It was an uneven concert as Montrose and T. Rex were periodically good, but often bad, while BOA gave a solid performance which was enthusiastically received by the audience.

THE SHOW BEGINS: Ronnie Montrose is a good guitarist; Edgar Winter thought Ronnie was good, the crowd at Littlejohn believed he was good, and Ronnie himself leaves no doubt. He *knows* he is good. Montrose's (the guitarist) ego emanates from the stage in such a manner that Montrose (the group) is completely devoured by it; he dominates all aspects of the show.

Never have I seen a person so enthralled at the possibility of a spotlight being focused on his person. Oddly, however, this combination of ego, "hamminess," and guitar heroics is the salvation of the group, for the other three musicians comprising the act are at best only competent. Unfortunately, Montrose's guitar cannot totally compensate for the inadequacies of the remaining members and resultantly the crowd is treated to a showcase of the talents of one individual.

Montrose began their set with their standard opener "Good Rockin' Tonight," and it was performed in a hurried style as if the group was anxious to dispose of it and move on to their other material. "Bad Motor Scooter" suffered from a rearrangement which saw the furious guitar break featured on the Montrose album abandoned in favor of a more moderate tempo. "Space-Age Sacrifice" likewise was marred by this plodding pace.

The group's rendition of "Rock the

Nation," the ultimate in a hard rock number, was the highlight of their 40-minute performance; this was Montrose the group and Montrose the guitarist at their best. Montrose closed with an abbreviated electronic version of "Space Station No. 5" and encored with Beethoven's "Roll Over Chuck Berry."

NEXT: Marc Bolan once spent two of his teenage years as a sorcerer's apprentice in Paris. Bolan named his group after observing a tyrannosaurus featured in a painting hanging on his bedroom wall suddenly move threateningly toward him. Bolan and T. Rex have been a colossal failure in the United States. In 1871, T. Rex sold over four million records world-wide. English audiences reacted to Marc Bolan's presence with the same frenzy that greeted The Beatles in the early '60's. Three years later Bolan is trying to recapture the magic which made his records outsell The Beatles, The Who, and the other great English groups. Judging from the crowd response at Clemson, Bolan is still generating little, if any, enthusiasm.

It is quite perplexing how groups that enjoy enormous followings in Great Britain, such as T. Rex and Slade, do so poorly in the States. Of course it is equally confusing when a no-talent such as Suzi Quatro leaves Detroit and becomes a big star in England. The answer lies in the fact the English are presently in the midst of a rejuvenation of mid-60's pop, while the United States isn't quite ready to take a backward glance...thank heaven.

T. Rex began their performance with two numbers from *The Slider* LP, "Baby Strange" and "Telegram Sam." Both songs were greeted with little response from the audience. The material Bolan writes and performs is not standard American rock. It is very heavy on melody, reminiscent of Buddha recording groups such as the Ohio Express and 1910 Fruit Gum Company from the late 60's and is often dominated by a shrill background voice piercing the air. Bolan's guitar work Saturday night was very good and he often performed from his characteristic kneeling pose. T. Rex absurdly ended their portion of the program with Bolan slamming his guitar to the floor and then whipping and striking it with a rope. Symbolic? Who cares?

JIM DANDY TO THE RESCUE: After



Photos by John Rowntree

Black Oak Arkansas (left) warms up the crowd, while BOA sparkplug "Jim Dandy" Mangum fights off a fan. Below, Mark Bolan of T. Rex.

the T. Rex debacle, it was up to those clean cut, southern gentlemen from Black Oak (population 206), Arkansas, to pick up the pieces. Black Oak Arkansas proudly claims a reputation of rowdiness. The story goes that BOA's life of crime began when the group tired of practicing in a cotton gin with broken and worn instruments, stole a PA system from a local high school to enhance the quality of sound. They were later turned-in by Jim Dandy's father and were given eight year suspended sentences. Regardless of this hype, whether true of manufactured, Black Oak Arkansas has evolved into an immensely popular musical aggregation. This popularity is due in large part to the personal magnetism of lead singer and scrub board player par excellence, Jim Dandy Mangum. When Jim Dandy joined the rest of BOA on stage, his appearance was greeted by a tremendous roar from the



crowd. He is quite a performer, strutting around the stage with his long blond hair tossing, entreating his fellow musicians, and preaching his homespun and simplistic philosophy with the gravel voice that is his trademark. Everything revolves around him; he is the focal point for 16,000 eyes. On stage BOA resembles six madmen wandering around, uncontrolled, unkempt, undisciplined, and totally enjoyable and entertaining.

BOA began with "Lord Have Mercy On My Soul," probably the best of their compositions, and proceeded into a program of songs taken largely from their first two albums. "Fever In My Mind" amply displayed the talents of guitarists Harvey Jett and Stanley Knight and the drumming of Tommy Aldredge added a solid backing throughout the evening. Introduced as their favorite beer drinking song, "You Got Me Singing the Blues" featured a fine blend of country harmony and steel guitar.

The audience stood at attention as BOA sung "Dixie" and then went into hand-clapping and foot-stomping fervor as the group added its own electronic touch to the traditional melody. In the middle of "Dixie" Jim Dandy left the stage, only to reappear seconds later clutching a large Confederate flag which he proceeded to parade around the stage as the crowd went wild.

"Mutants of the Monster," "Hot Rod," "Hot 'n' Nasty," and the closing piece, "Up," were performed with the gusto that marked Black Oak Arkansas' entire concert.

Black Oak Arkansas is not only a musical experience, but a visual experience as well. Their roughshod manner on stage does not hide a polished and professional act which was well-received and appreciated by the Clemson audience.

Tim Driggers

JIM GRADY'S

KEG O' NAILS

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Cinema/'That's Entertainment'

MGM toots its own horn-loudly

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT
at the Dutch Square North

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *That's Entertainment* could easily be an attempt to capitalize on the nostalgia fad. On the other hand, the movie appears to be more than a sentimental journey down memory lane. Jack Haley, Jr. writer, producer and director succeeds in giving us a history of the musical film. However, he does wander off long enough to give a pat on the shoulder to MGM, to MGM stars and even lets the stars get carried away in their praise for one another.

It was in 1929 that MGM hit upon a new gold mine -- the musical. That year *Broadway Melody* won the Academy Award for Best Picture and MGM was no different in those days than movie companies are today. Once a particular film form proved to be a box office success, then the audiences were flooded with more of the same.

That's Entertainment concentrates on the studio musicals of the 1920's, 30's, 40's and 50's. The film is a composition of hundreds of film clips and the narration of 11 film stars. The nostalgic stroll starts properly with the late 20's. Those first musicals provided an escape, a chance to forget the economic despair of the time, as narrator Frank Sinatra said, "a fantasy trip for the people of the day." Early MGM musicals were extremely simple in plot and in fact, most seemed surprisingly alike and predictable. But the audiences loved them.

MGM had complete control over its stars. Peter Lawford points out in his turn as speaker that an actor did just what the studio told him to do. Apparently, it was the studio's absolute power that led many dramatic actors and actresses into awkward, embarrassing musical roles. A young, beautiful Elizabeth Taylor sings in a high, shaky voice in the 1947 film *Cynthis*. The sexy Jean Harlow loses much of her sexiness when she attempts to sing the title song in *Reckless* to a group of female admirers. Joan Crawford, looking extremely uncomfortable and rather silly, got into the



Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly dance in "Take Me Out To The Ball Game."

musical act with the 1929 production of *Hollywood Revue*.

Even shy, bumbling Jimmy Stewart made a try for, or rather was forced to make a try for musical stardom. Stewart, who introduces a film clip of himself admits, "The Cole Porter song 'You'd Be So Easy To Love' was so popular at the time MGM must have figured that even I couldn't ruin it." But it seems MGM overstepped the acceptable limit when Clark Gable appeared straw hat on head and cane in hand singing

along with a cast of skimpily-clad (but well-covered for today) girls behind him. Gable fans from all over the country wrote the studio declaring that their hero did not belong in the same class with those chirping, dancing nightingales. The protest ended Gable's musical career and probably lengthened his screen success.

There were three stars that were singled out too often. Judy Garland's career is thoroughly discussed by her early partner Mickey Rooney. One of the most enjoyable

moments of the film are the brief scenes from *The Wizard of Oz*. Judy sings "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" and "We're Off To See The Wizard." But it is repetitious when Liza Minelli takes the podium and rehashes her mother's rise to fame.

Gene Kelly narrates the segment of the film that celebrates Fred Astaire. Astaire, no doubt about it, could, and still can, sing and dance up a storm. In an extremely ingenious and entertaining dance number from the 1951 *Royal Wedding*, Astaire, absolutely filled with joy, defies gravity and dances from the floor, to the walls, to the ceiling. Kelly can't say enough about the talent and genius of Fred Astaire and the result is the compliments become too sweet to swallow. But wait, Astaire gets his chance to return the favor. In his screen appearance he praises Kelly's success as a singer, dancer and choreographer.

The musical developed from simplicity to an absolute extravaganza. The Ziegfeld productions, among the most colossal, were not overlooked in *That's Entertainment*. Most amusing of the costly screen spectacles were the Esther Williams films. Today the grandness of it all defies verbal description, as Esther swims in a pool of fountains and flames.

It would be possible to subtitle *That's Entertainment* "MGM's Wonderful World of Musicals." At times the studio does sing its own praise a bit too loudly. One may even wonder if *That's Entertainment* is actually entertainment for MGM stars and producers. However, Jack Haley, Jr. does succeed in putting together clips from some of the most memorable musicals in such a way that the development of the musical is thoroughly explained. *That's Entertainment* is an educational experience for those interested in the mechanics of filmmaking and an enjoyable experience for musical lovers. Beyond that, the film cannot fail to bring back fond memories for almost four decades of moviegoers.

Melissa Pruitt

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Events/entertainment

(Continued from page twelve)

musical, **The Man of La Mancha**, continues through October 12. Performances are each evening at 8:30, except Monday, and on Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets are \$5 for adults and \$3 for students.

Workshop Theatre presents the musical, **Godspell**, through October 12. For reservations and further information call the theatre, 252-5756, between 12 and 5 p.m.

The Columbia College Players present the psychological drama, **Night Must Fall**, through October 12. For further information call 786-3792.

Clemson University Players' fall

Mime time



The nationally-known Claude Kipnis Mime Theatre will be in residence at the University of South Carolina October 14 through 16 for three days of activity which will feature a major performance, lecture demonstrations and a public workshop. Mime is the art of portraying a character or narrating through body movement and Claude Kipnis is one of the top teachers of the ancient form. The main performance for the company's four men and three women will be in the Booker T. Washington Auditorium on South Bull Street Tuesday, October 15, at 8:15 p.m. Admission is free to USC students with an ID card. Tickets for the public are \$3 and may be purchased at the door or the Russell House box office. Free lecture demonstrations are planned for October 14 in the Campus Room of Capstone at 1:30 and 7 p.m. and a free public workshop is set for 11 a.m. October 18, also in the Campus Room. Persons interested in attending the workshops should call 777-4144 in advance. The company's repertory includes works for which music was especially written for them.

production is **A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum**. The comedy can be seen at Daniel Hall Auditorium through October 13. Show time is 8 p.m. and admission is free for all.

art

Optical Illusions, by Atlanta-born Larry Connatser, will be on display in the Columbia Museum's North Gallery thru October 27. Connatser, a self-taught artist, uses violent colors in his work. A participant in Atlanta's Urban Wall Movement, Connatser's design was painted on the nine-story 41 Exchange Place in downtown Atlanta.

Reflections, an exhibit of 25 dye transfer photographs by Daniel Farber, will be on display in the East and West Galleries of the Columbia Museum through November 3. The brilliantly colored abstractions are formed from reflections on water.

Paintings by Edna Hibell will be exhibited in the Columbia Museum's Trustees Corridor through November 3. Hibell, who uses a variety of mediums to express her subjects, is the most commercially successful woman artist in America.

An unusual exhibit of **photographs by Bernard Freemesser** will be shown at Clemson University's Lee Hall Gallery from October 13 to November 1. Freemesser is a professor of photography at the University of Oregon.

lectures

"Relating Environments to People" will be the topic of a lecture by **M. Paul Friedberg**. Friedberg, chairman of the department of landscape architecture at the City College of New York, will speak on October 14 at Clemson University's Lee Hall at 8:15 p.m. The lecture is sponsored by the Clemson Architectural Foundation and is free to the public.

Alice Tetelman, a land and energy specialist, will speak on "The Politics of Energy and Environmental Policies" at 4 p.m. October 17 at Clemson University. Tetelman works for the Citizens' Advisory

Committee on Environmental Quality appointed by the President and is the author of "Citizen Action Guide to Energy Conservation."

specials

The University of South Carolina Athletic Department will sponsor the 1974 **Cockfest** at 8 p.m. October 11 at the Williams-Brice Stadium. The theme is "The Way We Were" and the festival will feature skits presented by various campus organizations and South Carolina's largest aerial fireworks display. Also performing will be the Blue Ridge Revival Blue Grass Band and the southeastern champion cloggers, Coach Paul Dietzel and the USC football team, and two USC music groups, Radiant Vibrations and Carolina Alive. Bob Fulton is the emcee. Tickets are \$1 and may be purchased at any Coliseum ticket outlet, the athletic department, the Russell House or at the stadium beginning at 6 p.m. Friday night.

classes

A short course in **Frame Loom Weaving** be offered by the University of South Carolina Division of Continuing Education from October 15 through December 3. The class will meet Tuesdays from 7:30 to 9:30

p.m. in room 207 of the Humanities building and enrollment is limited to 20 students on a first come-first serve basis. Tuition is \$16 and students must provide their own materials. For further information contact the Division of Continuing Education, the University of South Carolina or call 777-2589.

music

The internationally famous **Gotham Trio** will perform in the Columbia Museum's Trustees Gallery October 13 at 3 p.m. The concert is the first in the museum's concert series and is free to the public. The group features Nannette Levi on the violin, William Harry on the cello and Leonard Klein on the piano.

The **Clemson University Concert Series** opens its 35th season October 17 with a performance by the Royal Uppsala University Chorus of Sweden. The concert will be at 8 p.m. in Littlejohn Coliseum and will feature a variety of music, ranging from classic to ultra-modern, from Scandinavian to American composers and will even include tympani and audio-visual effects for accompaniment. The conductor, Eric Ericson, is internationally recognized as one of the leading interpreters of the choral literature. Individual tickets are \$3 or \$1 and season tickets are \$10 or \$5 and will be on sale at gate 5 of the coliseum.

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EVENTS & ENTERTAINMENT

cinema

If you're thinking of going to a movie, better call ahead to verify time and feature since many area theatres are subject to change after our deadline.

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Amazing Grace" starring Moms Mabley continues. Rated R, shows at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30. **ATLANTIC II THEATRE**, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Mothers are Forever" and "Ask Any Hooker" are this week's X-rated double feature. Shows are continuous from 3:30, with the last complete show at 9.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Johnny Tough" sounds like another black exploitation film. Rated G, show times are 1, 2:40, 4:20, 6, 7:40 and 9:20. This weekend's 11 p.m. late show is "Lady Sings the Blues," rated R.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-90390

"Country Hooker" rated X. The ads claim her sensuous body drives men wild. Shows are continuous from 12:30.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"That's Entertainment" features excerpts from MGM's most successful

musicals from the first talkies to the 50's. The film is narrated by 11 stars including Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, Elizabeth Taylor and Jimmy Stewart. Rated G with shows at 1:30, 4, 6:30 and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"Buster and Billie" is another nostalgia flick set in 1948 and the action centers around a romance between the good guy and the bad girl of the local high school. Rated R, show times are 2, 3:30, 5:40, 7:30 and 9:20.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Alfredo, Alfredo," a selection of the Fall Fine Film Festival, is an Italian comedy starring Dustin Hoffman. Rated R, shows are at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10 and 9.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Death Wish" starring Charles Bronson is still in town. Rated R. Shows are at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10 and 9.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Score" is this week's X rated biggie. Show time is 1, 2:40, 4:20, 6:00, 7:40 and 9:20.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Longest Yard," rated R. Star Burt Reynolds is a pro football player who goes

to prison. Shows are at 2, 4:30, 7:00 and 9:15.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950

"The Mysterious Island of Captain Nemo," rated PG. Another Omar Sharif movie. Shows at 1:25, 3:25, 5:25, 7:25 and 9:25.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"The Groove Tube," rated R continues with shows at 1:30, 3, 4:30, 6, 7:30 and 9.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"Easy Rider," rated R, rides again. Show times are 3, 4:35, 6:10, 7:45 and 9:20.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Doctor Zhivago," rated G. A beautiful love story starring Omar Sharif, Julie Christie and Geraldine Chaplin. Check with the theatre for show times.

CAMPUS FILMS

These movies are free to students Saturday through Wednesday. On Thursday and Friday there is a \$1 charge. Non-students admitted as guests of students only. All films begin at 7 and 9:30 and are shown at the Russell House.

Friday, October 11

"Popeye Follies" A collection of Popeye cartoons conclude the animation festival. Included are "Popeye Meets Sinbad the

Sailor," "A Dream Walking" (this one features a nude Olive Oil), and more.

Saturday, October 12

"The Ruling Class" Peter O'Toole and Alastair Sim star in this satirical comedy.

Sunday, October 13

"The Searchers," directed by John Ford. The Comanches are the target of hatred in this film starring John Wayne, Natalie Wood and Ward Bond.

Monday, October 14

"Pandora's Box," a silent film, is about a girl who has physical beauty but is an evil character.

Tuesday, October 15

"October: Ten Days that Shook the World," is part of the Soviet Film Series.

Wednesday, October 16

"Rocco and His Brothers" is an Italian neorealist film. It is the story of a woman and her four sons who leave their farm in southern Italy to search for a better life in Milan.

Thursday, October 17

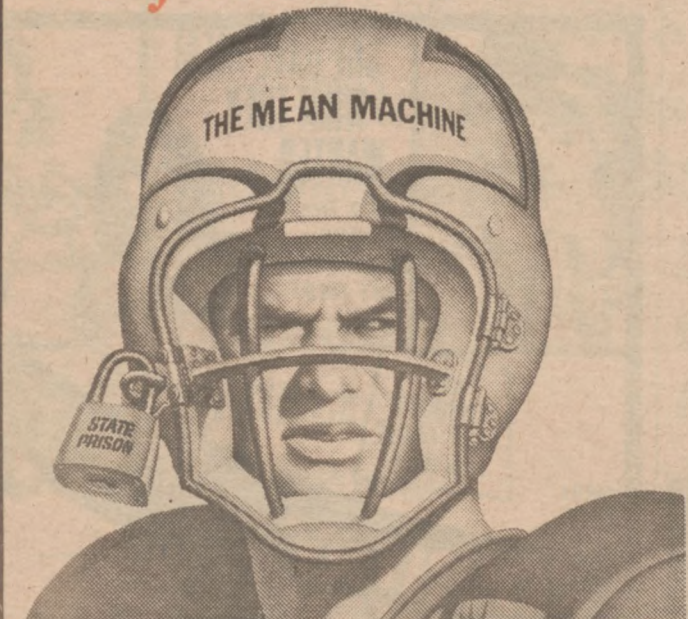
"Macbeth" is a controversial version directed by Roman Polanski and starring Jon Finch and Francesca Annis.

theatre

Town Theatre's production of the
(Continued on page eleven)

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Starts
Friday

Jan Michael Vincent
'Buster 'n' Billie'

-R-

2:00-3:50-5:40-7:30-9:20

GAMECOCK Theatre
PARKLAND SHOPPING CENTER
Cayce, S.C. / 796-0022

1:40-3:30

5:20-7:10-9:00

CHARLES BRONSON

in a MICHAEL WINNER film

"DEATH WISH"

R

PLAZA III Theatre
DOWNTOWN
1323 Main Street / 254-7960

--R--

HELD OVER

1:30, 3:00, 4:30

6:00, 7:30, 9:00

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Late Show
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LADY
SINGS THE
BLUES
--R--

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Hoffman
in

--R--

The Hilarious Comedy

'Alfredo, Alfredo'

1:40-3:30-5:20-7:10-9:00

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With music by Elton John

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Starts
Friday

X

'Score'

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2nd
Smash
Week

1:30
4:00
6:30
9:00

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